Jon Thomas Rowland

P/Bigge Shitte dreamed them. Pinching one, it came to her.

Thing Street!

She created a world for Johnny, et al.
For FUN….

They thought air pollution, but it was indigestion. Something she ate with Crazy, in a latte joint for hags. With marble-topped tables and slowly revolving ceiling fans.

CRACKERS announced BAD AIR DAY on his MBC talk show, relayed by every station of the broadcasting system, covering the Dah-Minion, like a hairnet

He told everybody it was their DIAMOND JUBILEE. Fifty years an ITEM.

It seemed longer than that to Johnny. Even longer that P/Bigge Shitte had been an item by herself.

He remembered sitting in the magazine section of the tiny library of his small home town.

He'd find P/Bigge Shitte in magazines named after food-stuffs and raw materials: FUR, THE BEAVER PELT, WHEAT, etc.

He couldn't miss her. Big hair, clutch purse full of weed, granny glasses….

His first publication had been in WHEAT. Half the issue had been devoted to P/Bigge Shitte.

P/Bigge Shitte put them through their motions. Their contortions made her giggle. Lilliputians! They took everything seriously, and it was all in her head.

She couldn't contain herself, they were so funny. She contained them, however.

She jigged up and down.

She was a bit of a contortionist, herself.

She was gross. She thought she was a busker, dancing in the street with hippies but she had a bad case of what they used to call General Paralysis of the Insane.

She was a PARETIC, a SYPH in other words. Just another dirty, old SYPH. Weren't they always dirty, old?

It took decades for spyrochetes to eat their way up her spine into her brain and EAT some of it, too.

Bon appetite, my DARLINGS!

Her accolytes thought they detected a slight improvement in her fiction….

She would have made an excellent QUEEN, or ASYLUM GREETER – welcoming eco-tourists and strolling JANE'S WALKERS to THING-STREET, showcasing DADANIAN SOCIAL PROGRAMS, $CAMH, TRANSFORMING WIVES, etc.